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MONDAY
JANUARY 4, 1954

A late arousal. The doctor came to see whether I was physically fit to take the baths. Pulse 58, blood pressure 150 over 80, heart not murmuring, so he said I was O. K. It seems somewhere he had heard I was partial to food and wine, so he made strenuous efforts to locate a liver malady, but to no avail.

The boys love the snow. We slipped around the village and I have at last purchased fleece-lined shoes. I was intolerably cold in my rubber boots.

E's blood pressure is ghastly - only 110 in the upper register, so during the week we will be here she is to take some exhilarating medicines.

We visited the sole antique shop and bought an opaline mug, with a negro in gorgeous scarlet panoply adorning it, for 15 dollars.

I collected a Habig hunting hat, a Knize (the famous Vienna house) scarf, and now have done with dispensing money on expensive trifles.

No news from the outside world - the papers from France are two days late.

Our first baths this afternoon. The waters are radio-active and must be lightly applied. I soaked for fourteen minutes by the clock in a sunken marble pool. Thereafter you are ordered to your room for at least an hour of quietude. I emerged from semi-cover strong enough to seize the Bourbon bottle. We had a hearty dinner with a good red Austrian - and they are rare - wine, the Santa Maddalena.

By ten we were abed, the boys having long preceded us. There are no sheets or blankets over one in these beds; instead a fluffy quilt, warm but betraying to the outstretched toes.

It is cold, below freezing Fahrenheit, but so dry as not to incommode or pain.

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